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Poems of Love
and Other Poems

A. E. D.



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Poems of Trust And Others

By
M. E. D. *every*
" *of*

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*To those
who love me best
these rhythmic thoughts are
affectionately dedicated.*

"O will of God, holy and just and good,
Lead Thou me on:
Lead where the feet of Christ have walked and
stood,
Lead Thou me on:
Choose Thou my path; appoint events for me:
The path, though rough, shall surely lead to
Thee."

—A. R. T.

Lilies of the Valley

LILIES of the valley!
No fairer flower has grown—
Sweet and pure your fragrance
On gentle zephyrs blown.

Ring on white lily-bells!
Your notes of trust so clear,
Your messages of love,
Of purity and cheer.

O lovely lily-bells!
More choice than any gem,
Your purity would make
A priceless diadem.

Johnnie Jump-up

LITTLE Johnnie Jump-up,
Thrusting up your head
Through the leaves and grasses
From your winter bed,

You're a little treasure
Of the early spring.
How we love you, Johnnie!
You winsome little thing.

Little Johnnie Jump-up,
Like the sky so blue,
Sprinkled o'er with diamonds,
Wet with morning dew,

We are glad to see you,
Down amongst the grass,
You're a sight most welcome
To us as we pass.

Little Johnnie Jump-up
Little flowers blue,
Little friends of childhood,
Dear to us are you.

A Daisy Field

A FIELD strewn o'er with daisies
By gentle zephyrs blown.
Wild daisies bowing, bending,
By God's own hand were sown.

O dainty little blossoms!
With petals pearly white,
And little yellow centers
Made up of golden light.

Will you whisper where you were
On softest breezes blown?
Now you dot an earthly field,
But were you near God's throne?

Are you purest souls so white
Of angel children dear,
Who wandered out of heaven
After a sunset here?

And then to add to beauty
 Of earth, God let you stay
And blossom into daisies
 In His own perfect way?

And when the summer's over,
 On wings of purest love
Will you be wafted gently
 Back to heaven above?

Then thank God for the beauty
 Where daisy-fields appear,
And for this added blessing
 You brought to us while here.

Spring

OUR dear little friends, the Robins, are here,
Again they have come to bring us good cheer.
They will make their nests in the same old trees,
Their babies be rocked by the gentle breeze.

Old March with his sighs and his weary groans,
His whistle so sharp and his dreary moans,
Will soon have departed, and April's tear
The sun brightly shining through it so clear

Will be calling flowers from winter's sleep,
And if you are watching you'll see them peep
Their dear little heads up above the sod
Just doing their best to glorify God.

And soon will be coming bright days of
May
With their gentle breezes and blossoms gay.
Thus spring has departed and gone so soon,
And summer's arrived with its days of
June.

Apple Blossoms

FRAGRANT scented apple blossoms!
Apple blossoms pink and white
Cover thick the twigs and branches;
Thus secluded, out of sight.

What a rampart for the robins!
Where they built their little nests,
Now concealed by fragrant blossoms,
Such a home!—so sweetly blessed.

In the tree are many mansions,
Through God's love they are prepared
Where there's room for many birdlings,
Each one is by Him thus cared.

In God's house are "many mansions,"
We may share them, you and I,
If we, like His winged creatures,
Will aspire to soar on high.

A June Birthday

O WHO could choose so lovely an hour
To enter life, as in June!
Birds sweetly carol from tree and tower,
And all the world sings in tune.

This is the month when the roses bloom
And softest of zephyrs blow;
When all is spun from the fairest loom
By heaven, for earth below.

I would have the sweetest roses bloom
For you, each day while you live;
The richest blessings from fairest loom
Spun for you, that heaven can give.

I would have your days from needless cares
Ever free, until they cease.
I would have your last sun set so fair
It will bring sweet rest and peace.

The Country

FIND us a way to leave the town!
As night comes on and sun goes
down—

To watch the sunset and the sky,
The snowy white-caps heaped on high:

To scent the fragrant zephyrs blown
Over a clover field fresh mown,
And feel the cooling breezes lure
When wafted o're the field so pure.

To watch the listless patient kine
Wand'ring along in broken line
'Cross the field far as eye can sight
As home they go, by waning light;

'And feel that calm, sweet silence fall
In benediction pure, o'er all;
Enjoy the rest of country sweet
'Amidst the drouth of summer heat.

Then let us to the country fly
Where nature reigns, and God is nigh,
Thus near to nature's heart we find
Sweet solace for the heart and mind.

Autumn

ACROSS the meadow stand the trees,
All decked in autumn dress;
A gorgeous sight one seldom sees
In hues of loveliness.

Leaves, orange, crimson, brown and gold,
They rustle in the breeze
Awaiting frosty winds so cold,
To waft them from the trees.

Bright autumn tints and sunset clouds,
True beauty God has given,
An earthly foretaste here allowed
Of beauty rare in heaven.

If we did not believe in God,
Such beauty here on earth,
Ever before us full and free,
From some place given a birth,

Must lead to see Him—it would seem—
For back of beauty rare,
A spark of God must ever gleam,
A Father's love and care.

Clover

BEAUTIFUL sweet pink clover
In the field across the way,
To eyes which love your language
What do you seem to say?

You tell us of the sunshine,
And of the summer showers
Dropped on you from pearly founts,
Which freshen all your flowers.

You tell us of the care of God
For all that He has wrought,
That all the beauty He has made
Came from His loving thought.

And if He cares for nature,
For bird and flower and tree,
He will care much more for us,
This we, through faith, must see.

And all this beauty given
By Him, so kind and free,
Made and planned by His kind hand,
Was meant for you and me.

Snow

THE earth was spread with a spotless
sheen

When the day awoke into light,
Covering all unsightly and mean,
With the drifts which hid from sight.

And every tree which reached toward the
sky,

Revealed by the rays of light
Each tiny branch, hanging low and high,
A feathery web of white.

And as the mantle spread o'er the earth
Of ermine so white and pure,
Concealing the things so void of worth.
He who thus sent it, I'm sure

Can cover sins of the past so deep—
Unsightly though they may be—
With a mantle of mercy, and keep
Us ever in purity.

The Robin's Song

A LITTLE bird, high up over my head,
Chirped over and over—these words
he said:

“Deary, deary, deary.”
And then he said more, but his notes so
clear
I could not make out, though laden with
cheer.

Perhaps they only were meant for the ear
Of one in the world to him the most dear;
Cheery, cheery, cheery,
But enough I got from his cheery song
To carry 'round with me the whole day
long.

O, Robin! I know from your little throat
God sings to the weary through every note,
“Deary, deary, deary.”
If we will but listen with heart and ear,
We must feel His spirit hovering near.

And lighter will grow the heart if we heed
Little bird Robin, who brings cheer in need,
 Cheery, cheery, cheery.

And must closer be drawn to Him on high,
Who ever is watching with unwearied eye.

Something to Do

WO little boys went skipping along,
Blithely they whistled a merry song.
Little bare heads and small bare feet
Soon were lost sight of way down the street.

A little brook went hurrying by,
And seemed to say, "There's no time to
sigh."
Ever deeper and wider it grew,
Singing merrily, "Something to do."

A little bird sang sweetly a song
Over and over the whole day long,
"Happy, so happy," he seemed to say,
While cheerily singing all the day.

Dear little urchins, brook, and wee bird,
I was listening, your lesson I heard;
Something to do, yes, something to do,
I'd help cheer the world as well as you.

Some must serve working, and some
through fate,
Only serve when they patiently wait.
Thus must I serve if I would bring cheer
And blessing to those around me here.

Resignation

I LAY on my cot by the window
Looking o'er the meadow beyond,
And thanked my God for the beauty
Of which I am rapturously fond.

Across the way lay the meadow,
And beyond a thick bank of trees
Standing dense, dark green, so lovely!
Erect midst the soft June breeze.

And nowhere more beautiful sunsets
Than from my window I see.
O, may I think more of God's goodness
He's ever bestowing on me,

And less of self, my God, and its ills,
And help me to ever believe
The things which now are so hard to bear,
Are best for me now to receive;

And look for the beautiful sunsets,
The meadow and trees to see,
'Till my ills have all of them vanished
In the beauty of earth and Thee.

A Prayer

“**T**HOU wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.”

O, make my mind so stayed, dear Lord,
Such peace will be given me.

Help me no idol, Lord, to have,
To lead away from Thee;
Take Thou away all hind’ring thought
Which keeps this peace from me.

“All things I can do—sufferings bear,
If thou, my Lord, be there.”

Purge Thou my heart and mind, my God,
From all such thought and care

Which grieves Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
And keeps Thyself from me,
That I may help receive like them
Whose minds are stayed on Thee.

Help me, that by my life I may
Impart to others, peace;
That I will truly live for Thee
Until this life shall cease.

O, help my unconscious living,
Ever and always to be
That which will help them around me,
Nearer, nearer to Thee.

Waiting—A Prayer

I AM waiting, dear Lord, only waiting,
As it seems thus to be my fate,
I'd be among them of whom it is said—
“They serve also who only wait.”

I am trusting, dear Lord, only trusting,
O, be thou my refuge and strength!
While in this enforced idleness use me,
Keep my thoughts from time and its
length.

I am leaning, dear Lord, only leaning,
Just trusting Thy dear loving care;
For it may be through patiently waiting
I can serve through the cross I bear.

I am praying, dear Lord, only praying
I may serve and be used by Thee.
I may know not the best way of serving,
Through sickness, not health, it may be.

I am waiting, dear Lord, only waiting—
O, may I so patiently wait!
I shall hereafter find I have helped some,
When we meet at the “Golden Gate.”

Weary

EACH day brings much to bear, and
I'm so weary,
It's often hard to look bright and be cheery;
The night comes on, but with it, loss of
slumber,
And cares, which press me by their weight
and number,
Are laid upon me day by day—I'm weary!
And yet, for others' sake, I must be cheery.

And looking forward to a bright tomorrow
That's free from disappointment, pain and
sorrow,
If I faint not, I'll prove the old, old story
That sorrow rightly borne e'er leads to
glory;
And after grief and darkness—O, so
dreary—
Such light will shine that I'll no more be
weary.

No Night

REV. 22:5

THE day-star dawns, the night will soon
be o'er,
The darkness past. Safe on that peaceful
shore
They need no sun to radiate the light;
The Christ's pure halo there excludes the
night.

Good cheer to us it brings—no night, no
night—

Who through long hours so sad have
groped for light,
Who through the darkness of the night
have kept

A weary vigil, and oft times have wept.

Sweet solace is there in the sacred thought
That Christ, for us, through perfect love,
has wrought

A place where there is ever endless dawn—
Through Him the darkness and the night
are gone.

Sleep

O BALM of sleep:—Our tired eyes close,
Relief thus comes from sorrow's throes;
Through it we find that blessed release
From care, which conscious hours increase,
And learn the depth of words so deep—
“He giveth His belovéd sleep.”

O balm of sleep! We long for rest
When worn by life's hard strife and test;
The hours with thee thus calmly spent
We feel our God has kindly sent
This rest so dear to those who weep—
“He giveth His belovéd sleep.”

The path to take, concealed from sight,
Lord, make it plain by heavenly light.
Redeemed, oh, may we ever be
Among the ones beloved by Thee.
Thus, Father, wilt Thou safely keep
And give us—Thy belovéd—sleep.

Grief

MY heart makes moan in the darkness
and gloom,
For so clouded and filled with fears, a
tomb
It seems, in which disappointment and grief
Are laid; ever seeking for some relief;
For something to bear the burden away
Which is changing to gloom the light of
day.

“Let this cup, if possible, pass from me,”
Thus the Christ did pray, yet it had to be,
And even He, in his grief, could not see
And cried to God—Why forsakest Thou
me?

And if He, my example, perfect, pure,
Such suffering bore, cannot I endure?

O God, give courage and strength to
endure!

Never once fainting, believing that sure

Thou wilt answer in time in Thy good way,
Thou wilt bring to pass this for which I
pray.

May I patiently wait, give strength, belief,
Each hour and each day till there comes
relief.

Waiting—Soliloquy

I AM waiting, merely waiting for strength
To take up the tasks laid aside;
The days and nights are oft weary in
length,
And in many ways I am tried.

I'm waiting for God to answer my prayers
Which over and over I ask;
I know even He, to root out the tares
Has a long and arduous task.

I'm waiting, just waiting, for things I miss,
That I'm longing for more and more,
On the other side of death's dark abyss
I shall have, when I reach the shore.

I am waiting to meet some gone before,
Who're watching and waiting till we
Are freed from earth's toils, and our spirits
soar
With other redeemed ones to Thee.

I am waiting to reach the pearly gates
Where sorrow is known never more,
And there for dear ones I'll patiently wait
With my Saviour—across the shore.

A Dreary Day

A DARK and dreary day, with clouds
Of cold blue-gray in heavy shrouds,
Throughout the day, concealed from sight
The fair blue sky and orb of light.

But gazing heavenward, up on high
I saw God's promise in the sky ;
The radiant colors, varied, bright,
There painted in a glowing light.

And then I saw a rainbow shine
In heavy burdened souls like mine ;
For back of clouds, if we could be,
A silver lining we would see.

So after somber days of grief,
When clouds pass o'er, there comes relief,
There ever shines a heavenly light
For those who've passed through darkest
night.

Then let us ne'er despair, but trust,
God rules! and He is ever just;
Believing in the end there'll be
A raveling out of mystery.

Trust

If 'twere not for my trust in Jesus,
If I had to walk all alone,
If I did not hope in His mercy,
Know His blood for sin would atone,

If I could not go to Him always
With every burden and care,
If I did not feel He were listening
To hear all my sorrow in prayer,

If I did not believe He knew all—
Every longing and every thought,
For each one of us would have mercy
When we fail to do what we ought;

If I had no hope He would answer
Our prayers for dear ones and save,
If I had no faith that a heaven
For them through atonement He gave,

Then my heart would be crushed with
sorrow—

'Twould be greater than I could bear—
But I trust His love and His mercy,
For each one of us He doth care.

A Patch of Blue Sky

D RIP, drip, drip—
The rain has been falling all day,
The clouds hanging heavy and low
Not once have been pierced by a ray.

But as day is changing to night
We can see soaring up on high,
The clouds growing misty and thin,
And a small patch of bright blue sky.

Drip, drip, drip—
Youth's dreams have oft changed to
sorrow,
And our lives are so full of care
That we dread each new tomorrow.

But there will be surely a time
If we will stand faithfully by
We shall see the clouds are shifting,
And a small patch of bright blue sky.

A Prayer for Peace

LORD, purge my mind from every
thought
Through sin and fallen nature wrought.
My love for Thee each day increase,
Thus give me peace, this perfect peace.

May I the things by Thee be taught
What not to do, and what I ought,
That every troubled thought will cease,
So give me peace, this perfect peace.

May all my earthly hates and loves
Be subject to Thy will above,
Thus may I ever have a lease
Of calm sweet peace,—this perfect peace.

Secluded

SECLUDED in each heart there is concealed a shrine—
A sacred place in every other soul, and mine—
Known only to itself alone, and to its God.
This space concealed, by other souls has ne'er been trod.

It may be grief, it may be sin or shame, is there,
Whate'er it is, the knowledge none but God can share;
For only He can fully understand, I trow,
The thought, the action, and the circumstance, and know.

I thank Him, hearts and minds and individual grief
Are known by Him—our God—for this must bring relief

To feel there's one, the God of love, and
He doth care
For all the sin and grief each stricken heart
must bear.

Darkness

THERE are hearts at times in such
gloom of night,
Through the clouds of grief keeping out
the light,
It would seem even God had veiled His
face ;
His presence, His love, and His boundless
grace
So far away seem from the troubled soul.
Surrounded by waves and far from the
goal,
Such pain and sorrow continually roll—
They crush and darken the home of the
soul.

O God, be there when such darkness is
felt !
When the heart's in this gloom so cold,
oh melt
It by Thy infinite love ; may it rend
The gloom. Thy spirit the Comforter send.

So open the heart, we will trust alway
Thou wilt give strength for the needs of
each day,
And may Thy voice sound above the dark
wave
“Peace be still—O fear not for I will save.”

A Weary Road

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him
and He shall bring it to pass."

O LORD, the road's so rough and dark,
I cannot see my way.
The Lord made answer, Only trust,
It's near the break of day.

O Lord, the darkness grows more dense,
There's utter loss of sight.
The Lord replied, With patience wait
And you shall see the light.

O Lord, the way seems very long,
I fear I yet may fall.
The Lord made answer, Just have faith,
I hear you when you call.

O Lord, I'm weary and so weak,
My heart so oft has bled.
He said, Fear not, I've walked this path
Ere this, and tears have shed.

O Lord, I fear to longer go,
For I've so weary grown.
The Lord then said, Just lean on me,
You need not go alone.

O Lord, are we not near the end?
The path e'er grows more steep.
The Lord made answer, Do not faint
And in the end you'll reap.

O Lord, each step guide Thou our feet,
Until the end we see.
May we not faint but ever pray,
And trust, our God, in Thee.

God is Good

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

O THINK not God is not ever good!
Though often dark seems the way,
If we the Infinite understood,
Back of darkness would shine the day.

O think not God is not ever good!
Though the shadows hide the sun,
Through all, the love of the Fatherhood
Is seeking to bless each one.

"Wait patiently and rest in the Lord,"
Ever trust His loving care.
Look for the promises in His word
And thy burdens He will share.

For our God is love, and ever will care
When we are bowed down by grief:
From every sorrow we have to bear
There surely will come relief.

He will not allow thee more to bear
Than by His strength can be borne.
O believe it! and rest in His care.
Back of darkness shines the morn.

Christmas Hymn

O HALLOWED day of days on earth,
Anniversary of Thy birth,
Proclaimed by angels' song, and star,
And by the wise men from afar.

Thus consecrated long ago
By holy babe in manger low,
May all our thoughts accepted be
This day, so hallowed, Lord, by Thee.

And thus by each, this day be kept
In such a way Thou canst accept
Each deed that's done this Christmas day,
Each one controlled by holy sway.

And gathered 'round the bounteous board,
With thankfulness remember, Lord,
And mingle with our joy and mirth
Diviner thoughts of Christ on earth.

Easter Hymn

CHRIST lives! Blessed resurrection
morn!

That sacred day when Christ was borne
By mighty power, from the grave:
Thus through the darkness, light He gave—
A promise of that longed for place
Where we shall meet Him, face to face.

O blessed day! The Christ did rise
From death's dark tomb to open skies.
Thus for all time did end death's sting,
And made the world with gladness ring
Of Omnipotent power to save
For future life, the souls He gave.

O calm and blessed Easter-tide!
To those who in the Christ abide.
A view we have beyond the bier
Of meeting friends we hold so dear;
And evermore from sin made free,
With them and with the Christ to be.

Heaven

I 'M looking forward to that "happy land"
Where those redeemed by Christ shall
ever stand
Near God's great throne, and truly wor-
ship there
When freed from all earth's pain and sin
and care.

I'm looking forward to that blessed abode
Where every burden, care, and heavy load
Will be among the things that we've laid
down,
And those who've borne the cross will wear
the crown.

I'm looking forward to that heavenly rest
Prepared for them who've truly borne
earth's test
In faithfulness and love; have ever tried
To honor Christ and in His love abide.

I'm looking forward to that place where we
Will meet our friends so dear, and with
 them be;
Where souls who've longed for sweet com-
 munion here,
Communion there enjoy, in heavenly
 sphere.

I'm looking forward to your home and
 mine,
Where we shall meet each other in God's
 time.
I know that my Redeemer ever lives,
And all who love and trust this heaven He
 gives.

The Call

HARK! to the bells of heaven toll,
Calling the weary to rest;
Art thou one of them, O my soul,
Whose sun sinks now in the west?

Can'st thou see the sun disappear
In golden glory of sky,
And feel that thou art drawing near
That glorious home on high?

Dost thou feel no dread of night?
Does twilight seem very near?
Can'st thou see the golden light
The other side, and not fear?

Hark! to voices around the throne,
So sweetly singing God's praise;
Can'st thou see among them thine own,
These souls who in rapture gaze?

Can'st thou see heaven's gates ajar?
Through darkest night may there be
Ever for me the guiding star,
My Pilot—I hope to see.

The Challenge of the Depths

L AUNCH out! ne'er content to abide
near the shoals;
Launch out on the deeps!—and grow
strong, O my soul!
Live not life as seemingly half asleep,
But sail farther out, O my soul! and dwell
deep.

Launch out where the heavens are blue and
waves high;
Live far from the earth and near to the
sky;
It is thus thou'l find rest and sweet peace
of soul,
Far out on the sea where the deep billows
roll.

Thou wilt ne'er grow strong dwelling near
to the shore;
It is there danger lies and the breakers
roar.

With the Saviour live, on the fathomless
sea,
Far from danger and harm He will there
keep thee.

With Jesus as Pilot to guide toward the
sky,
Thy ship o'er the deeps steered by con-
science' clear eye,
For a chart, God's word, when life's sail is
o'er,
Thou wilt land safe at last on heaven's
calm shore.

Praise

HEAR little song-bird, up in the tree,
Singing and singing so merrily ;
Music which comes from your little throat,
Sounding God's praise in every note ;
Ever you're teaching us to fulfill
Duty of praise, through happiest trill.

Dear, sweet violet, raising your head
Above the sod from your earthy bed,
By your sweet and your dear modest ways
You're ever teaching us songs of praise ;
And you, white daisy, are ever, I'm sure,
Singing God's praise by your looks so pure.

May we thus praise our Father and King,
And with the birds rejoice while we sing ;
Like the sweet violet, all our days,
Pour out our souls in jubilant praise.
Be like the daisy—spotless, demure—
In praising our God by lives as pure.

A Vision of the Beyond

I HAVE a vision of that bright beyond—
A calm and radiant place—
The varied scenes which ever come and go
Reveal the Saviour's face.

I see the loving great Physician near,
With healing in His touch,
Who healed so many, while on earth, of
ills,
And made them love Him much.

I see that tender, loving Shepherd there,
With children in His arms,
And all the loving care for them He feels
To keep the lambs from harm.

I see the mighty King of glory there,
And all before Him kneel
To pay their homage to Him, through the
love
'And rapture which they feel.

I see the glory of that heavenly land
That needs no light of sun;
I see the light which radiates from Him,
And shines on every one.

I see a place where never enters pain
Nor sorrow nor a tear,
Where all is happiness and blessed peace—
There's naught to dread nor fear.

Oh, blessed home!—of happiness and rest—
I see thee from afar,
And when I cross the shore and so draw
near,
Would find the gates ajar.

Faith

L EAVE it all with Jesus,
Cast you care on Him;
Though the way be dreary
And the light be dim.

Just believe His promise—
He will answer prayer,
If in Him abiding
We'll be everywhere.

Ever trust His mercy;
He has promised rest,
And we need it sorely
Oft, in life's hard test.

May we thus abiding
Stay our minds on Him,
And have peace made perfect,
When the light is dim.

Alone With Jesus

ALONE, did you say? No, not alone;
My Jesus ever is near;
If I but open my heart to Him,
Then He will always appear.

And so while seemingly I'm alone,
And daylight is growing dim,
Through prayer and song so closely I'm
drawn,
I feel that nearness to Him.

So I would sometimes be left alone,
And by His spirit be borne,
Till through this close communion with
Him
There will break an endless morn.

Thankfulness

I THANK Thee for much the past months
have brought
Of pleasure and comforts and friends,
For blessings received of which I'd not
thought—
So many Thou kindly did'st send.

There were some received I would not have
had,
Had they not come through bearing pain;
I'm forced to believe through days that
were sad
I could only receive such gain.

For in looking back I can surely see
Some things that to me are so dear
Have come through the things not easy
for me
That I had to bear, it is clear.

Evening

A NOTHER day has vanished from this
earthly sphere;
Each word that's said, each deed that's
done,
Can never be recalled—though some may
grieve us here—
They're all recorded, one by one.

So may we live that every new to-morrow
Will be more helpful than the last;
Through words and deeds thus strive to
cause no sorrow
To be recorded when it's past.

May we remember those who now are
grieving,
And strive to lessen care and pain;
Lead those around us to rejoice, believing
That through brave suffering there is
gain.

May we thus *self* forget in serving others'
needs,
And when the last long day is o'er,
Find there recorded only kind and loving
deeds
In the beyond—across the shore.

Answered Prayers

SITTING alone at my sewing,
Thus silently deep in thought,
There came to me a lesson,
Through the stitches slowly wrought.

For one by one these stitches
Were making the garment grow,
One by one till it's finish
Was made, though ever so slow.

We often grow discouraged;
Our answers to prayers so slow;
The first stitch the beginning
Of garments complete we know.

When that first prayer was uttered,
With longing and earnest care,
Then the first stitch was taken
Towards the answer to that prayer.

Though we grow so tired waiting
Some things to see and to know,
Our God will surely finish
What we've prayed and longed for so.

Christmas Bells

MERRY Christmas! Merry Christmas!
How the anthem swells!
Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Ring it, Christmas bells!

“Peace on earth, good-will to men!”
Ring it o'er and o'er again,
On the breeze so strong and wild,
Sing about the Holy Child!

How He in a manger lay,
Long ago, on Christmas day;
How the wise men from afar,
Guided by the Christ-Child star,

Journeyed far and journeyed long;
How the shepherds heard the song,
As they watched their flocks by night,
How they saw the wondrous light.

Ring it, merry Christmas bells;
Ring the wondrous news it tells,
Of a Saviour come to earth,
Of the blessed Christ Child's birth.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
How the anthem swells!
Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Ring it, Christmas bells!

On the Birth of a Friend's Baby

A NOTHER little bud of life so dear,
To blossom forth through love, the
world to cheer.

A wee, dear girl to you has just been
brought,

Received by you from God—a sacred
thought.

Another little soul, so white, so pure,
That's ne'er been touched by spot of sin,
we're sure,

Was placed here for some purpose—yet to
prove—

Fulfilled, will help God's plan more swift
to move.

Dear friends, this little life, to you thus
sent,

Is just God's way of showing you He
meant

76 THE BIRTH OF A FRIEND'S BABY

There's something for Him—through it—
you can do,
That ne'er without could have been done
by you.

Congratulations, that by Him you're
thought
Sufficient—through His strength, and by
Him taught—
To have so great a charge put in your
care—
Not yours alone—this burden He will
share.

The Fisherman's Wife's Lullaby

HUSH, my dear babe, and quietly sleep;
Thou art in mother's arms;
Jesus will watch o'er my baby keep;
He will protect from harm.

Hush, my dear baby—hushaby, dear;
Father will soon be home.
Hark! for his boat is nearing the pier.
Listen! for soon he'll come.

Shut thy blue eyes and lay down thy head;
Mother'll not leave thee, dear;
Thou wilt be snug in thy cozy bed,
Safe from the cold so near.

Jesus is near thee—hushaby-by,
So thou need'st have no fear;
Hush, my dear baby, and do not cry—
Hushaby, baby dear!

Swing Low, Swing High—Lullaby

THE hammock under the cherry tree
Is waiting, my darling babe for thee;
'Twill swing the baby to slumberland,
When gently guided by mother's hand.
 Swing low, swing high,
 My baby bye.

Blossoms will fall from the cherry tree,
Gently they'll drop, one by one, on thee;
They'll cover my babe with ermine spread,
The while he sleeps in his hammock bed.
 Swing low, swing high,
 My baby bye.

Methinks, from the smile on his dear face,
He surely must be in some fair place—
Perhaps in dreamland my own will play
With angel babies this bright spring day.
 Swing low, swing high,
 My baby bye.

The angels will guard my baby's sleep,
And all of the while a watch will keep.
Now while he sleeps, good Shepherd, I pray
To guide and keep him from harm alway.

Swing low, swing high,
My baby bye.

Bylo Lullaby

THE baby birds are in their nest;
The dear wee things have gone to rest;
They're cradled in the old oak tree;
Father bird sings to them merrily.
Bylo, dear baby, bylo.

When the breeze blows the cradle swings;
Wee ones, under the mother's wings.
The little lambs are in the fold;
Mother safe will her baby hold.

Bylo, dear baby, bylo.

Now my sweet one must go to sleep;
Close the dear eyes and do not peep;
Sand-man has come, baby eyes keep
Closed, for the baby is sound asleep.

Bylo, dear baby, bylo.

Dorothy

I KNOW a dear little girl,
Her years soon number three;
I love her best of any
The little girls I see.

I know a sweet little girl,
With curly hair—light brown—
She's the dearest little girl
To me in all the town.

I know a nice little girl—
“Emmy's sweetheart” is she.
Now can you not guess her name?
Sure!—it is Dorothy.

Shut In

I DWELT in a land of shadows,
 The mountains dense and high,
Keeping out the sunlight,
 Towering toward the sky.

I dwelt so deep in the valley,
 The hills on every side,
Longing so for sunlight
 And in it to abide.

Whene'er I looked out 'twas mountains
 When in 'twas dark and drear.
Hark! was that not voices?
 “Look up! and do not fear.”

So I looked above the mountains,
 And saw the bright blue sky;
Ever a voice seemed saying:
 “Above the hills am I.”

By the Fireside

WHILE sitting by the fireside,
 In the embers' fitful glow,
I seem to see framed pictures
 Of the past, which come and go.

I see a sprig of girlhood,
 In a gingham apron check,
Made long and full, to cover
 From the hem of dress to neck.

To school I see her going,
 In her apron toilet clad,
So very plain and simple
 Were the garments which she had.

I see a quiet maiden,
 With a braid of light-brown hair,
With dreamy eyes of hazel,
 And so free from troubled care.

I see a bride stand, youthful,
In her wedding dress of white;
I see the look so trustful
In her eyes which beamed with light.

And then I see a mother,
And a family I see—
Three sons and one fair daughter
Were all rocked upon her knee.

I see a weary woman ;
She is worn with pain and care,
With bloom of youth no longer—
Life has brought so much to bear.

The embers now are fading,
And the scenes are growing dim ;
The pictures of the future,
With their fate, I leave with Him.

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